

Here and There

Miss Marie Lehr, the well-known actress, according to London rumor, is engaged to be married to Lord Howard DeWalden, one of the wealthiest peers in England.

Gov. Wilson fixed August 22 as the date for the electrocution of Oliver Locks, from Jefferson county, convicted of the murder of his wife.

Herbert Daniels, of Grayson, Ky., was shot and instantly killed while walking along a road at the side of his mother.

The fine McCormack block in Bowling Green will not be rebuilt, on account of its close proximity to the livery stable in which the recent fire originated. The stable will be rebuilt and the McCormack lot is for sale.

The Hopkins county fair closed Saturday. Rain interfered with the attendance part of the time.

A child was run over in Chicago and killed by a man who was riding a bicycle on the sidewalk.

Fulton has passed an ordinance removing hogs from the city limits between June 15 and Oct. 31.

Harry Cowling, an amateur aviator near Chicago, fell 60 feet and lighted on a haystack, escaping without a scratch.

Smiths of the Senate.

When Gov. Smith of Georgia takes his seat in the United States Senate there will be four Smiths in evidence in that body—himself, John Walter Smith of Maryland, William A. Smith of Michigan and Ellison D. Smith of South Carolina, all Democrats except Smith of Michigan. A curious fact about these Smiths is that all of them have been elected to succeed Senators who died. Smith of Michigan was chosen to fill the place left vacant by the death of Senator Alger, Smith of Maryland was elected to succeed Senator Whyte, deceased, Smith of South Carolina succeeded Senator Latimer, deceased, and Smith of Georgia has been elected to fill out the unexpired term of Senator Clay, deceased, a part of which term was filled by Senator Terrell by appointment until the Legislature could elect Clay's successor.

After Bryan's Scalp.

The Dahlman forces will oppose any indorsement of W. J. Bryan at the Nebraska Democratic State Convention, which meets in Lincoln tomorrow.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

SILVER WEDDING

Happy Observance of Anniversary By Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Stroube.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Stroube, of near Howell, observed the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding, at their hospitable country home, Friday evening, by a dinner given to about sixty-five of their friends. Misses Myrtle Dickerson and Mabel White received the guests.

Mr. Stanley E. Stroube presided at the punch bowl.

Miss Otey Bartley displayed the many handsome silver presents received by the host and hostess. The wedding dinner was served at ten o'clock and was a feast long to be remembered. The dinner was followed by the ceremony of cutting the wedding cake.

Miss Dickerson found the needle, Miss Bartley the ring and Wiley Stroube the coin.

The younger guests enjoyed themselves playing games out on the lawn.

The lawn was decorated with Japanese lanterns and the house was tastefully ornamented with ferns and potted plants.

The gay assemblage dispersed at midnight, all wishing Mr. and Mrs. Stroube many happy returns of the anniversary.

Hopkinsville was well represented among the guests.

The popular couple secured many beautiful and valuable presents.

More Trouble in Mexico.

One man dead, another fatally wounded, and a third shot in two places, is the result of a pitched battle in Juarez, Mexico, yesterday, between insurgents and city police.

Taft is Grateful.

In a statement issued at Beverly yesterday, President Taft gave the Democrats in the House and Senate the credit for the passage of the Canadian reciprocity treaty agreement bill.

Doc Cook Snubbed.

Copenhagen, Denmark, July 24.—The Geographical society has canceled the diploma granting a gold medal to Dr. Frederick A. Cook. It was given to him for his alleged discovery of the north pole.

Jersey Cow For Sale.

Fresh cow and calf, full blooded Jersey, fine "milkster." Home phone 1007. No. 835 Durrett Ave. Mrs. T. C. DOSSETT.

Takes It Coolly.

Richmond, Va., July 23.—Henry C. Beattie, jr., held for the killing of his young wife exhibited throughout the day in his cell the same calm attitude which he has maintained throughout. He thrummed a guitar for hours and smoked innumerable cigarettes. Altogether he seemed to be the least concerned of all the persons connected with the crime for which he is held responsible. His case will be taken up August 14 by the grand jury.

Stanley Hard at It.

Representative Stanley, chairman of the "Steel Trust" probe committee of the House, is expected to introduce as evidence a copy of an alleged contract between the United States Steel Corporation and several so-called independent manufacturers of steel to limit trade territory and fix prices.

Better stay if you can't pay as you go.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIATERRITORIES
MUST WAIT

Arizona Has Objectionable Provision in Her Constitution.

Washington, July 24.—Arizona and New Mexico, the two remaining territories within the boundaries of the United States, are destined to wait until another Congress meets before they can expect statehood. Neither one of them will be admitted to the Union during the present extra session.

Maybe 'Twas A Stork.

Mrs. N. R. Brashear, of near Sonora, Ky., relates a thrilling experience which she had this week with a large bird, which is said to resemble a sand crane more than anything else.

Mrs. Brashear was in a field near her home and, being attracted by the cries of her eighteen-months-old baby, rushed to the child, whom she found in a desperate conflict with the bird. The frantic mother succeeded in freeing her child and then procured a shotgun and killed the bird, which had flown to the top of a nearby barn. The bird measured five feet from tip to tip.

Billy Sunday, the evangelist has made \$70,507 this season holding revivals.

The hot weather of last week has been succeeded by a delightful cool spell this week. Yesterday was an ideal summer day, if anything a little too cool.

How proud we are of the things we intend to do!

Lawn dresses are said to be in favor with grass widows.

It isn't what you have been, but what you are that counts.

Unless a man lives to learn he will never learn to live.

A man's relations seldom bother him if he is poorer than they are.

NO USE FOR WALKING STICK

Average American, in Hustle of Life, Has No Time for Unnecessary Cargo.

Now that we are reminded of it, we realize that the great American people are seldom seen to possess a walking stick. "It's a small thing," writes an essayist in a morning paper, "the absence of the walking stick, but it belongs to the American motto, never, in the hustle of life, carry unnecessary cargo."

The idea is, of course, fantastic with the fantasy of transatlantic common sense. The hustle of life surely extends to travel in the case of a nation which would consider itself degraded if it spent longer than a week in a complete journey through Europe; and when Americans travel they are the last to deny themselves the luxury of an extra bit of luggage because it happens to be unnecessary. It is common knowledge that they go on loading the liner with trunks until the company's officials say "Stop." If only to collect so many more steamship and hotel labels to add to their already bloated store of these trophies.

No. The walking stick is a matter purely of personal choice. Most Americans chance to feel no need for a walking stick whereas we do. That is how the thing stands. When it comes to a walking stick the world must be considered individually. The physical weakness is quite likely to have a taste for a gigantic club; the enormously powerful man who snaps his Sandow developer before breakfast as though it were a piece of cotton may select for a walking stick the thinnest shred of malacca that money can buy.—London Globe.

PARADOXICAL.



"Come, hurry!"
"What's the matter?"

Margaret
Incognito

By MARY GILBERT

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

"The same old story, expressed a little better," sighed Margaret Manning, wearily dropping the envelope that she had just opened. "A letter instead of a printed slip, and they say that they decline my story only because of an oversupply. That would be encouraging if I could keep up the fight for another year, but I can't. I'm down to my last dollar. It's a case of appeal to Aunt Martha, starve to death, or work at something else."

The thought of Aunt Martha's parting words caused the instant dismissal of the first plan, her healthy young body revolted against the second, so she gave her attention to the third.

The Want columns of the morning paper gave little promise of aid until she came to this: "Wanted, a neat, cheerful young woman to care for invalid and do light housework for two in suburban home. The Lilacs, Normandy."

"Neat and cheerful!" she mused. "I ought to manage to answer to that description. Old Doctor Billings always advised me to be a nurse. I surely know enough about housework to do it for two. Quite a come-down from the star to which I had hitched my wagon, but it's a case of work or starve. Besides, think of the chance I shall have to write articles on the servant question!"

She smiled at the idea, then grew very grave at the thought of the step that she was about to take.

"I must call myself Maggie," she thought, going to the mirror and eyeing herself critically, "and part my hair in the middle."

Shaking down her wavy pompadour, she effected a coiffure that was intended to be maidlike, but made her look more like a Madonna. Then she slipped out of the dingy boarding house, and took a car to "The Lilacs." It proved to be an old-fashioned house, surrounded by trees and flowers.

"How can anyone that lives here be an invalid?" thought Margaret, looking admiringly at the noble elm shading the veranda.

A pleasant-looking young man answered her ring at the door. He looked surprised when she stated her errand, but seemed confident that she could fill all requirements. He ushered her into the presence of his wife, a sweet-faced young woman whose deep eyes and patient mouth betrayed suffering of which she never complained.

"I shall love to take care of her!" thought Margaret impulsively. "I know that there is no servant problem here."

The necessary arrangements were soon made, and Margaret promised to return that evening.

"What will Aunt Martha say?" she thought, returning to her dismal little room. "And Mrs. Spiegel and all the boarders? But why should I tell them. It's really none of their business. It would be such fun just to disappear, and have them all wondering what had become of me!"

Most of her belongings had been left at Aunt Martha's, when she had been driven from the only home that she had ever known. The scanty remainder was soon ready to be carried away. Escaping from the house unnoticed, she smiled at the thought of the mystery that she had created.

When Mrs. Spiegel found the room empty next morning, she was angry at having the girl leave without notice. But she relieved her feelings by the thought that her board had been paid in full. She told the other boarders that Miss Manning had been called home unexpectedly.

The only one who did not believe her story was a young reporter, the latest addition, both to the staff of the Daily News and the household of Mrs. Spiegel. It occurred to him that the story of this young girl might furnish material for a story.

Mrs. Spiegel was readily persuaded to part with what information she could give regarding her departed guest. She also gave him

which Margaret in her haste had overlooked.

It was a very readable story that young Merrill carried to his editor. The brave struggle of the young girl was vividly portrayed, her mysterious disappearance deplored. Margaret's latest story, a really excellent bit of work, proved assertions as to her talent.

Other newspapers copied the story. Two magazine editors who had manuscripts of Margaret's published them in their next number.

Margaret, in the meantime, was unconscious of the attention paid to her and her work. Mr. and Mrs. Stone lived very quietly, and she herself seldom left the house. It never occurred to her employers that there could be any connection between Margaret Manning and Maggie Mann.

"Most of them are no better than I can write myself," she sometimes thought, a little bitterly.

One evening Mr. Stone returned home jubilant.

"Whom do you suppose I met on the street today?" he asked his wife. "Young Ned Merrill, grown so tall that I hardly knew him. He is reporting for the News. Had an engagement for tonight, but I made him promise to come out to dinner with me tomorrow."

To have a guest at "The Lilacs" was quite an event, and Margaret prepared the meal with unusual care. The table was daintily set, the dinner excellent, and she herself a pretty picture.

Ned Merrill's eyes danced at the sight of her, but he gave no other sign of recognition. After the first start of surprise, Margaret persuaded herself that he had forgotten her.

"That's a nice-looking maid of yours," Merrill remarked to his host.



"How Can Anyone That Lives Here Be an Invalid?" Thought Margaret.

as they sat together over their cigars.

"She is a girl in a thousand," Mr. Stone answered.

"She looks too intelligent for the position," said Merrill reflectively. "Perhaps she's gathering material for a book."

"That may be," answered his host. "I have seen her writing, but she told Laura when she came that she had no correspondents whatever."

"This sounds interesting," Merrill declared. "Won't you grant me an interview with your queen of the kitchen?"

"She wouldn't like it. Unless there was some good reason."

Quick as a flash Merrill drew out a pocket knife, and slashed across his hand. His host rang the bell, and a moment later Margaret was bathing and bandaging the injured member. Mr. Stone, saying that he heard his wife's bell, excused himself and went to her room.

"I think that will be all right," said Margaret, fastening the bandage. "Is it very painful now?"

"Not at all," rejoined Merrill. "I made that slash as an excuse to talk with you," was the bold reply.

"What right have you to say that?"

"None at all," he answered gravely. "But I should like a chance to earn one. That is all I dare ask of you now."

But the time came, and soon, when Merrill asked her far more, and Mrs. Stone forgot her illness in plans for Margaret's trousseau.

HIS "BANK" A POOR ONE.

An astounding incident happened at Portland, Ore., lately, when the chef of a big city club cut into a sheep's carcass and \$650 in coins and currency fell to the floor. A telephone call to the market from which the sheep had been received revealed the fact that a clerk had placed the money inside the carcass

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